

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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GONE BACK TO WORK.

THE TEACHERS ADJOURN AFTER COMPLETING THE PROGRAM AND PASSING RESOLUTIONS.

The closing session of the Teachers' Institute Friday morning the teachers gathered around the organ and sang some appropriate songs. Rev. Grinstead read a few verses of Scripture and led in prayer. Spelling was discussed by Prof. Brough who has mastered the art, and coined several new words during the institute. Prof. Cherry gave the institute a very fine lecture on geography and showed the teachers some nice maps etc., for primary work. After recess the teachers all sang "Blest Be The Tie That Binds." Then miscellaneous work was attended to and the following teachers were appointed presidents of their magisterial districts: Stanford, Miss Annie McKinney; Crab Orchard, Mrs. Joe White; Hustonville, M. E. Prewitt; Waynesburg, John Ware.

After the resolutions were read Prof. Cherry brought out some nice apparatus for teaching drawing and made a few good remarks on the subject of penmanship. He then took up Mathematics and gave the teachers some excellent hints on this subject, showing apparatus for making mensuration plain to a class. The institute gathered around the organ and sang the Doxology, after which Rev. Sanford M. Logan dismissed with prayer.

We the members of the committee beg to submit the following resolutions to the institute.

RESOLVED 1. That we express to Prof. T. C. Cherry our sincere appreciation and gratitude for the strong, forcible and instructive manner in which he has conducted the institute and that we commend him as a bright, active and thorough educator, who is zealously alive to every question pertaining to the common school.

2. That we extend to Miss Blain our thanks for the courteous attention given us during the institute. We commend her administration as one beneficial to the schools of the county.

3. The thanks of the teachers are tendered to Dr. Wm. Shelton for the gratuitous use of the College chapel and also to him, and other ministers who assisted in carrying out our program. That our thanks are due and are hereby tendered to Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Goodnight for the hospitality extended to the teachers and for the assistance given.

4. That we heartily thank Mr. W. P. Walton for the interest he has shown in and the courtesies he has extended to the teachers by inviting us to visit the printing office of the I. J. and in the gratuitous use of his opera house Thursday evening and we further thank the members of the orchestra and all who aided in the carrying out of the program on this occasion.

5. That we realize more and more fully the responsibility of our calling and that we will strive to do more efficient work in our schools and endeavor to raise the standard of popular education.

6. That we deplore the reduction of school funds and respectfully urge the general assembly to look well into the disbursement of school money and to take steps to correct any errors or frauds that may have been committed; and further, to secure better pay for teachers and longer terms of school work.

A. H. Baugh, Mrs. M. J. Cochran, J. W. Acton, Helen L. Thurmond, E. L. Grubbs.

Who but our old friend, Dr. John D. Woods, of the Bowling Green Courier, could have written this highly appreciated but undeserved paragraph?

The INTERIOR JOURNAL has just ended a very interesting and forcible controversy with the Courier-Journal over the latter's apostasy, inconsistency and disloyalty to the democratic party. It was not expected that in word-painting or pyrotechnic rhapsody that the gallant knight of Lincoln would surpass light-horse Harry, of the house of the Star-Eyed Goddess, but in cogency of reasoning, directness of thrusts and effective assault, the gallant Walton more than sustained himself. Armed with consistency, fidelity and right, he has met, with distinguished credit to himself, the most formidable opponent on the American press. All honor to the plumed knight of Lincoln, who has honestly won his spurs in debate with the greatest of American editors.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?—The Glasgow News says:

Old man Walton, of the Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL, has the sympathy of the entire press of the State in the loss of his fine property at Stanford. It is thought that the INTERIOR JOURNAL building as well as Walton's Opera House are upon the ground for which three Glasgow men will in a short time bring suit. However, he has a regular Klondike gold mine in the INTERIOR JOURNAL and can easily make money enough to buy another office building.

REMINISCENCES.

SIX BROTHERS WHO DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON—A FAMOUS GUN—MANY RELICS FROM 75 TO 125 YEARS OLD.

Postmaster John W. Rout says that Dr. Steele Bailey is of the opinion that to retrospect, or as he expresses it, "root up old paths," since old things become new, is what suits the majority of people. "Uncle Martin" Russell, of Milledgeville, sent me word to come out and see the gun that Daniel Boone started to Kentucky with May 1, 1769, from the valleys of the South Yadkin. "I intended to get John Blain, when he was county clerk, to put something in the papers about my collection of relics," said Mr. Russell, "but I put it off too long and poor John has gone from earth." In front of Mr. Russell's residence stands an old mill, to disgress a moment, where 60-odd years ago the late lamented excellent gentleman, Mr. Horace Withers, served as the first book-keeper after its erection. Daniel Boone's gun was bought by Mr. Russell from William Wrecks, one of Boone's men, near Campbellsville, in 1847. The barrel alone measures four feet one inch and with the length of the stock added it is as tall as Harvey Helm or French Tipton. On a certain Kentucky tree, history says was inscribed these words, "2,300 deer skins lost—ruination, by God." Capt. Boone, who used this gun and had killed a large number of the deer mentioned above, found out that his party were too heavily loaded and at a point on Green River they built a skin house and stored away the above number. Returning some time after, the party ascertained that the Indians had destroyed and carried away their 2,300 deer skins and a member of his party put the above laconic inscription on a tree. The gun is a daisy looking one yet and "Uncle Martin" says he has tried to miss targets and game with it, but couldn't. In addition to the gun, he has an old-fashioned grease lamp that he got from the same fellow he did the gun. It has a hook on it showing that it could be hung up on any bush or give light under any circumstance and is quite a curiosity. This lamp, he thinks, must be 125 years old and no one who sees it will doubt the assertion.

Mr. Russell also has the gun that his grand-father, Absalom Russell, whom he says Messrs. D. W. Vandever and W. P. Tate will remember, fought with in the revolutionary war.

"Uncle Martin" has a plate that has been in his family 115 years; a counterpane made by his mother 75 years ago; his grand-father's dog irons made in 1815; the "springs" of the first pleasure vehicle ever seen in this section, a "gig," as it was called and which was owned by Col. Lackey, the father of Hon. G. A. Lackey. This vehicle, Mr. Russell says, would get up as much excitement at any time as a circus parade along any thoroughfare in these days. He also has the identical wagon owned by Tom Baker, who 60 years ago, with four horses hitched to it, hauled produce from this section to Louisville for the people and merchants scattered round over the country, when trains were unknown, and who also hauled in this wagon salt to all parts of the country from the then famous Goose Creek Salt Works.

He has a set of carpenter's tools 55 years old; a set of shoe-maker's tools owned by Jordan Russell 80 years ago; deer skins from those killed in his park by soldiers away back in the bloody days of the war; a clock owned by his father 90-odd years ago; a Poland Angus hide that looks as old as the hills; a mill stone that was used in a mill in Stanford, near the bridge on the Hustonville pike, owned by Thomas Helm, 80 years ago; a petrified hornet's nest about 75 years old; buttons put on his father's coat by a tailor 46 years ago; a looking glass 40 years old; a lot of the first papers ever printed in Danville; a gold tooth pick 51 years old; a brass kettle 105 years of age; two pairs of pants made from flax he bought at Mrs. Kate Carpenter's sale 50 years ago, and so on indefinitely.

It will pay any individual, like Dr. Bailey, for instance, who likes to "root up old paths," to visit "Uncle Martin" Russell and hear him expatiate upon his relics, all of which he appreciates very highly and about which he talks entertainingly.

I have often asked what was the cause of the bad feeling against the Rowseys, in years ago, and while I was in the Milledgeville section I found a man who was conversant with the facts. As a child, some years ago, I asked why Jasper Rowsey, the only white man ever hung in Lincoln, was taken from the jail here and hung in what is now Buffalo Cemetery. "Because he had killed seven or eight men," I was told. This is a mistake. None of the Rowseys ever killed anybody. The bad feeling was engendered against them and their bad name obtained in this wise: A dashing woman from a Northern State dropped in to Milledgeville and purchased a resi-

dence. She was a fine talker and in every way very attractive and the men folks didn't let her get lonesome. In fact, they would call and forget to go home till next morning. Among her admirers was Jasper Rowsey, who was himself a handsome fellow—in fact the eight Rowsey brothers were above the average in good looks. One day Jasper Rowsey was on the top of a knob overlooking Milledgeville, a half mile away and seeing a man by the name of Hughes going to this woman's house mistook him for another rival who had threatened his life and taking aim, Jasper fired at that long range, the ball striking a half dollar in Hughes' pocket, which saved his life. This mistake of Rowsey caused everything that followed—caused the people to become afraid of the Rowseys. Jasper was hunted in the woods for some months, a reward of \$100 was offered later, Jasper in the meantime having gone to Bradfordsville, where a fellow named Jeff slipped up behind him one day, knocked him senseless, tied him hand and foot while in that condition and lodged him in jail at Stanford. Rowsey, I am told, wanted a trial at once, but it was put off by the prosecution a time or two, and the night arrived finally when a mob took him from the jail and hung him to a tree in Buffalo Cemetery. From the several old men I have talked to about this hanging and who know all about the case, I have formed the opinion that Jasper Rowsey was more sinned against than sinning. He had not killed anybody, though he had been in a few shooting scrapes and showed on every such occasion that he was as brave as a lion—all the Rowseys were.

The hanging of Jasper by this mob made the other seven brothers desperate. Up to that time they were quiet, peaceable citizens, as was their father, Jordan Rowsey. Let me repeat that none of them ever killed anybody, I am reliably informed, though they wounded some men ever once in awhile. Six of them died with their boots on.

Cage Rowsey was killed at Junction City by Frank Ellis; Smith Rowsey was killed on Isaac Shelby's farm, near Shelby City, by Blue Kennet's men, "home guards," who thought he was protecting the notorious Bill Wilson; Smith fought the whole regiment, till a bullet laid him low; Tom Rowsey was shot down while returning from Sunday school in Milledgeville in company with his sister, some of the Bridgewater gang doing the bloody work; Arch Rowsey was killed in Hustonville by Sam Williams, Clay Powell, James McCormack and others; Cam Rowsey was killed over a woman by Bill Gresham and John Reid in Milledgeville. Thus six brothers are beneath the sod, victims of foul murder in some instances.

Of the two men who killed Cam Rowsey, only one is living, Gresham being afterwards killed by Reid over a game of cards, and Gresham died on the identical spot where he had helped to kill Cam.

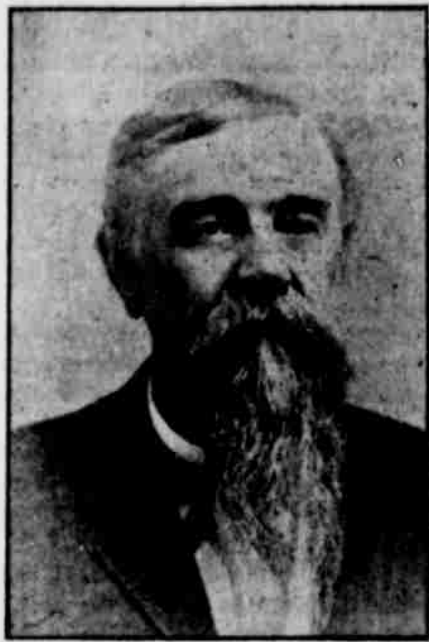
The father of the Rowseys went crazy over the hanging of Jasper. The other two sons, who are living, are now residents of Missouri; Jasper Rowsey, who was hung here, left three children, two girls and a boy, the latter now a wealthy citizen of Eureka, Nevada, and the picture of him and his interesting family that I saw the other day, shows him to be a very handsome and intelligent looking gentleman. The history of the daring Rowseys would fill volumes.

In connection with them I will state that old "Uncle Martin" Russell is a cousin of theirs, and as the feeling was strong against the Rowseys, it was concluded by a few men to put Mr. Russell out of the way. His house was visited and shot into one day in his absence, his daughter being slightly wounded. When the same parties, five in number, visited his house next day to kill him, they got fooled, as he had several friends ready to help and three of the five were shot down as they approached his residence and opened fire. The other two were only too glad to have an opportunity to beat a hasty retreat. Every bit of the past has been cured by time, in the way of bad feeling, however, and so far as I could ascertain the past deeds of all parties concerned have been forgiven. Thus the curtain falls upon a family who were different from any other ever in Lincoln, and possibly in Kentucky—six brothers who at different intervals died with their boots on. Let charity be over the veil of the misty and checkered past and let it be understood that while the Rowseys were not exemplary men, they were not as bad by a long shot as they have always been represented to be by those not conversant with the facts in the case.

JOE F. WATERS.

Dr. H. C. Kehoe, of Flemingsburg, and Miss Jessie Sommers, of Elizaville, figured in a sensation at Cincinnati. They had registered at a hotel as Armstrong and wife and were in the same room.

Gov. Bradley has named Sept. 6 as labor day.



JAMES P. BAILEY.

The nominee for county judge, is one of the most popular, capable and honorable men in the county. He has never known defeat when pitted against the common enemy, and there is no one that the republicans can put up now, who can beat him. His first introduction to public life was in 1866, when he bested E. B. Caldwell, Sr., who was then in the zenith of his popularity and thought to be invincible, for sheriff. He filled the office most acceptably for one term and then was deputy for Col. Napier. He was killed during the term and Mr. Bailey filled it out by appointment. Seventeen years ago his friends prevailed on him to run for circuit clerk and he was chosen the party's standard bearer over W. H. Miller and Tim W. Higgins. The republicans made no nomination, either then or at the following election, when he had no opposition within or without the party. In fact he has never had any republican opposition, the leaders knowing that it was useless to put up a man against him. He has filled the office with signal ability for 17 years and made a record hard to beat for faithfulness to duty and correctness in his work.

Mr. Bailey was born in this county 60 years ago, though he does not look nearly so old, and comes from a family of sterling worth. He married Miss Clara Bledsoe and they have three children, all about grown. In all the walks of life he has proven that he is a man of affairs and he will make an ideal judge, for it is written that the man isn't living who can beat him.

Liberty.

P. W. Napier, of Louisville, is here. W. C. Adams is in Russell county on business (?) presumably. E. O. Stone, of Jamestown, was in Liberty on the 11th. James Belden and family, of Lebanon, are visiting the family of Judge Belcher.

Circuit court closed Wednesday at noon. The grand jury returned 107 indictments against the evil doers of the county. The case of Samuel Woodram vs the C. & K. S. railroad for \$5,000 damages went for the defendant. The suit of Ethel Grider et al, vs. the estate of T. W. Wash, deceased was decided for the defendants.

Died August 10th at her home in Liberty Miss Dollie Belle Cowden, daughter of George R. and Eliza Cowden, in the 18th year of her life. For six months or more it had been evident to her friends that the disease which killed her brother about 18 months ago had taken hold upon her and about two months ago she was obliged to confine herself to her room. From then her decline was rapid and for several days before it occurred, her death seemed imminent. The deceased was a member of the Christian church here and was secretary of the Sunday school and only resigned her place when she was unable to go to the church. No one had more friends nor more truly deserved them than Dollie Cowden. And no one could be more sadly missed than she is. Death so sad under any circumstances seems doubly sad when it touches the young and happy. But her family and friends have the consolation to know that no one could be better prepared for the inevitable ordeal. It is said that the choicest flowers are soonest gathered. And surely there grew no rarer flower in all the gardens of God.

Col. Craddock thus corrects a typographical blunder and adds a compliment: We were trying to make the point Wednesday that the way to draw support to a paper was to do as Walton has done with the Stanford JOURNAL, by making a good one, but the typo made "growl" out of "good" thus reversing our idea.

To the battle-fields. \$2. round trip. Grand low rate excursion. Junction City to Chattanooga. Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga battlefields via the Queen & Crescent Route, Saturday, August 21st. Good to return August 23rd. Good on all regular trains on dates named. See small hand-bills for full particulars of this, the greatest excursion of the season. Beautiful scenery en route. Historic grounds and unsurpassed views at Chattanooga. W. C. Rinearson, gen'l. pass. agt.



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QUEEN & CRESCENT.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at \$4.55 one way or \$4.90 round trip from Junction City, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at \$7.30 and at \$9.95 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be purchased at Chattanooga for \$3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for ticket via the Q. & C. Route South or write to

JAMES ROY, Agt. Junction City, or

W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A. Cincinnati

A Word To You.

Having considered the question from almost every standpoint, we have decided to adopt the

THE CASH SYSTEM,

Beginning July 1, 1897, believing that it will be more satisfactory to both buyer and seller. No bad debts will accumulate, consequently we can sell goods cheaper. It will take much less capital, our expenses will be less and there is every reason why the cash system will prove satisfactory. We only ask you to try it awhile and if you find it is not to your advantage, we will not kick on your buying from merchants who sell on credit. We are satisfied we can sell you goods from 10 to 25 per cent. cheaper than the credit men and this should certainly be an inducement to you. Very truly,

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